

(Copyright, 1901, by E. R. Crockett.) CHAPTER XXXV-(Continued.) My father sighed, but he did not ask any further questions. He knew well enough | further. all he wanted from that one word-and

Also he is being persecuted by the same faithers afore me! Ill-bearted father who has brought these things upon us. I am going to leave the meighborhood. I have had it on my mind for what you tell me. But I must see Mr. Ac do so ever since Kate's home-coming. Only I delayed for her sake, fearing the my business is important." effect upon her mind. But now when she is in such altered case about her husband-I think the sooner we go the better. Now I had thought to sell the house and land for what they would fetch. Gregory Glendonwyn would certainly give a great price. They have long been an eyesore him in the midst of his acreages. But I have seen a better way. It has been

revealed to me. "I am an old man, I have spent but little money all my days save on your dearning, Pairlie. There will be enough for Kate and you. The boys are better without any. Let them work with their bands as their father did, or with their

heads if Heaven grant them wit." Then he tapped my knee lightly with the papers in his hand.

want you to take these documents to John Glendonwyn (I noted that he left out the Mr. that time). I will tell you what they are. I have effected the ransference of all my property herethat is, of the house and land-it is just five acres in all-to him in trust for his congregation. There is an excellent site the kirk they are anxious to build at a place which I have designated upon the plan, at the great bend of the water, with access from the main road and a view of the river. Also Gregory Glendonwyn will see it from nearly every window in his castle, which adds greatly to its

"Oh, father," I cried, throwing myself on his neck, "you are so good and kind! You have forgiven John."

He smiled a curious smile-a smile with a kind of sickly pallor in it. "There is one thing for which I can never

forgive him," he said. 'And what is that?" I cried, "I am sure -sure that he is innocent!"

"Nay he is guilty," said my father, sternly. "He was born his father's son. He cannot clear himself of that."

But he said it in such a way that I made sure in my heart that, though he could not give in, he was by no means as angry with John as he made out. Which partly excuses what comes after-or at least ex-

CHAPTER XXXVI. A Lion in the Path

I took all that night to think how I should convey the papers to John. Indeed, the problem required a great deal of thought. It seemed impossible that I should go to use at Be her. For she had called once since our donwyn, B. A., minister o' the Free Presome-coming, and Rupert's death, but, of byterian kirk, this day"sourse, without seeing me. And then everynot ask Veronica.

take little Johnny with me!

let Johnny come out to me for two or three days. I told her we were going away. (She already knew much of our troubles by letter-it was my only comfort-and she read them to her husband, and John called. Because, you know, I had promised to hold no communication with John without my father knowing.) So I told her we were going quite away and it would be a comfort to me to have Johnny for a little first. And I promised to hear him his lessons and to see that he did not eat too many gooseberries out of the garden.

And Mrs. Colstoun was so good and kind that she brought him out herself and sat in the garden with me and talked a long

It was quite delightful to have little Johnny again. He was, if anything, fonder of me than ever, and acampered all over the joiner's shop and cut his fingers on the tools and was lost in the gooseberry garden and fell off a tree, and did so many things all in one evening that I was afraid he would never last till I had need of him -about going up Bennangower, I mean, All same it was cheerful having him. Even my father owned that,

As for Kate, she did not seem clearly to anderstand. Sometimes she talked to him as if he were her own Babe Rupert grown up, and then again she would stand over the cot and look so puzzled, saying: "This is my real baby-ien't it? I fear I have been talking foolishly."

So the next afternoon-it was June and warm-I went away up the burnside toward the herd's house of Bennangower, with little Johnny sporting about me like a frolicsome puppy. I knew that I was likely to find minister at home. For Will had seen ald Anton on the way down to the postoffice and he told him that the minister had been out all the morning, seeing sick people over by in the village, but would home for what that Auld Duncan called unch-"a dafulke word for your denner," the Cameronian elder thought.

I had the papers about Bonteroft in a litleather portfolio, in which I used to carry the children's exercises to the sendemy of Kilgour. And when I got near house, which shone out white and bonny on a little knoll, with the garden seath it and the burn rearing through the man Linn fifty yards to the west, I saw old Babby, Joho's nurse, coming to meet me as it were, in a great hurry.

called Johnny to come up and take my and then in a minute there was Babby standing in front of me, as if to block the way to the house. At another time I would have laughed. But then I said, with dignity. "I wish to see Glendonwyn. Is he at home?"

"It's no his hour for seein' fowk-this." she retorted, with some acrimony, "na, certoat I would like to ken whaur the serus wad come frac, gin the minister had to do but waste his time wi' idle

vagrants and run-the-countries!" I could not bely emiling as I answered the old lady, who had hitherto always been

that you do not mean me!"

"Dinna Babby me, Mistress Pairile Glen-

dinnin," she cried, with a toss of her head,

[nae reason gi'en, may expec' to be caaled | And he bent down and whispered in her

"Did I no tell ye no to 'Babby' me," she conjectures at the time. ore. cried, "Miss Barbara, if ye please!"-aye, "I never thocht o' looking aneath his "Fairlie," he went on, "I want these and it may be something else afore lang. pillow when he was sleepin!" she said. documents put in the hands of Mr. John For I has been kenned and refuted a Glandonwyn I cannot see him myself. decent will-doing woman a' my days, that saked my pardon for keeping me waiting My outh does not make that possible. But played nae pliskies, but gaed ilk day to the and then apologized frankly for the mistake am a just enough man to see that he kirk and bode the ither the kitchen- made by Babby! had nothing to do with our tribulation, never missing a lawfu' day-me and my

> "Well, Miss Barbara," I struck in, as Babby!" soon as I could get a word, "I am obliged Glendonwyn at once, as I cannot stay-and

"Stay," she cried, catching at the word, 'stay-na, it will be a short day and a lang ere ony like ye are asked to stay in a minister's house. Did you no hear, young

queer names. Aye, they mann that?" ear. I could not hear what he said. But "Johnny, dear," I remonstrated, "you "Well, Babby," I began—but got no Babby's reply is, however, worthy of re- will make yourself ill. Give it to me and I cording, inasmuch as it caused me many will break you off a bia"

With a very courtly bow the old butler "She is a woman weel stricken in years,

mem." he said, "ye'll juist need to excuse in years as your ain sel', Duncan Grier-" a gift. That is not to be thought of-we

guid half-dizzen o' years! Hear ye that!" But Duncan waved her away with calm

I had opened my mission. But I knew better than to attempt anything of the kind with parley.

"Will you give Johnny some sugar?" eaid, "that will keep him quiet till it is done!"

John went out quickly, instantly followed by Johnny, who flying himself off the seat on which I had just arranged him, and plunged after his host through the door, rustie. shouting, "Me tummin' to see you get it

"Think I will not give you enough?" esid John, "have the loaf!" 'Fanks, I will!" said the literal Johnny,

and appeared forthwith in the tiny "benthe-house" with a scarce-broken white cone of lump-sugar under his arm.

'have eated free-O, ever so much bigger nor that! 'Tis all right, teatzer, dear!" Then I began to tell John Glendonwyn the message my father had sent me to deliver and when he heard of the gift of the house and five acres of freehold he rose

"No, s'ant!" said the obedient little man,

"O," he cried, "it is like new life to me to even hear of the possibility of such a "'Deed an' I'm no near sae stricken thing. But we cannot take the property as cried the indignant lady, "na- no by a will give your father any rent-we will pay a price-"John," I said, "you ought to know

from his chair excitedly.

my father by this time. What he does superiority, conducted me up the rugged he will do his own way, if at all. All is

he knew how to rule his own house.

CHAPTER XXXVIIL Fate Rides Before.

That night John and I were treading close upon the heels of fate. Fatality stalked behind us and before, yet we saw him not, nor so much as heard his garments

Little Johnny gamboled in front, Funning races with himself, and then stretching back to tell us who had won.

But in spite of these frequent appearances, boldly, unshamedly, John held my hand. The day of Lil' Dzonny's power was and ride off furiously in the direction of well nigh over. Blackmail or whitemail are only good so long as there is a secret to be kept. All the world was free to know ours. And when we reached the dark aisles fat would be in the fire indeed. of the Gower woods, which we must perforce cross, John stopped, and suddenly taking me in his arms, bade me promise that nothing in the world should ever come between us two-neither father, nor sister, poor boys never tried), nor the whole world. And since I would not promise so many things all at once, he took such sweet to put off giving the final promise for quite a while.

But at any rate I did promise at last and John was so grateful that before we knew there stood Lil' Dzonny before us, with up-

lifted finger imminent as fate. "What makes 'oo want to kiss yike that?" he demanded, truculently.

"Come here, Johnny, and I'll kiss you,

woman, that I has already telled ye in sac path with the height of dignified embar- completed. There are the title deeds!" many words o' the English language rassment. While John stood stricken dumb by the (maybe it is no teached in schules noo- "Babby, gang ye into the hoose and get wonder of the news, the door was opened too!" I cried. But the young man, being

"I COULD SEE HIS FACE PALE AND CHANGE AT THE NEWS."

adays, like mony ither things that were a dish o' tea ready," he cried. "Dinna without noise and Duncan Grierson entered. And yet-I knew not how else to thocht respectable I' my youth-no that I spare the leaves! And abune a', see that carrying a tray of tea with little biscuits -it did not seem as if I would like to have ye canna see the Reverend John Glen- deed, mem, Mr. John would have been maist creases and green leaves.

How long this torrent of scarcely muffled body said that she was going to marry asperities would have continued to flow I John. No, she was very kind, but-I could cannot tell, but the course of events was changed by the initiative of Little Johnny Then a thought came to me and I laughed Colstoun. Quite unseen by me and prob--yes, for the first time for many wonths, ably by my doughty antagonist he had deas it seemed to me, I laughed aloud. I tached himself from my hand and made off would go to Bennangower, but-I would in the direction of the herd's house. After that he disappeared entirely for some min-And as soon as I thought of it I sat down utes and his movements from that point ing wrote to Mrs. Coistoun, asking her to can only be made out by inference from

circumstantial evidence. As far as I saw, however, there issued presently several things from the herd's house of Bennangower. Imprimis, one wild, pain, anger, affliction, persecution, the than one sense it might be called a dresstorture of the boot, the inquisition and all ing down. Martyrs. Item, one rapidly moving small to my face, for I could feel myself turning | wi' her for a month!" boy in stained blue blouse and twinkling hot all over.

poses of political argument. Babby giving tongue in front of me, her gower. elbows akimbo, and her head continually tossed in the ascendant, the gray-headed old man dropped his avenging rod, abandoned the chase of Lil' Johnny, and dived back into the house with a ludicrous sug-

gestion of a rabbit into its hole. He was out again in a moment, however, and descended the little rough road with a step of strange dignity. He had attired himself in a black swallowtail coat with brass buttons, and his white tie was square and formidable as Babby's elbows. think this apparition, appearing without any warning from the Herd's Hough of Bennangower, came nearer sending me down the hill than all the baying of Babby's drums of war.

So little, at first sight, do we know our best friends.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Little Johnny to the Rescue. It chanced that the man came down the pathway behind Babby, who was in the full flow of her oration. He caught the astonished dame by the arm, ordering her in stern tones to be gone to the house or he would acquaint Mr. John with her out-

rage of behavior. Then something in the tone of the man's voice told me that I had seen him beforeindeed, more than once. It was Grierson, the old Castle Gower butler, who had brought the message to the trysting place that Rupert Glendonwyn had hurt his foot the same who on a later occasion had delivered the letter at the schoolhouse on the night of our going to Inch Jonet.

"Wha are ye, Dunvan Grierson," cried the indiguant Babby, "to inform Maister John again what it seems guid to me to do?" Babby, mind you," retorted Duncan Grierson, with dark and mysterious signifi-

Cance. And Babby evidently minded. For she stood aside, still, however, muttering un-"A promise is a promise!" she said. "And

"Mind Babby," said Duncan, with an air of legal wisdom, "the promise was a con- upon occasion) as a clothes horse. dustional promise merely. There is to be "form that are me lang awa' frae hame an' | mas word o't till Maister John is settled." | John Glendonwyn stood before me scarce |

disappointed if he had missed your veesit. (Come oot o' that ye iliset wee baistie!) I beg pardon, miss, but I am afraid your persists in crawling on the roof! There, up the brae." what did I tell ye, ye camsteery hule o' a

redeccious callant?" seldom used sheds in rear of the farmstanding and was presently rescued, howling lustily, by a single leg which appeared | have strawberry. They'll sune be done!" waving among the debris. Duncan held him in the air as he might have done a kicking rabbit, and dusted him vigorously. Indeed, I fear that he performed the opera- had been endeavoring to break pieces with sustained and savage yell indicative of tion with so heavy a hand that in more the fireirons.

the worst pictures in Fox's Book of I think the blood must have risen quickly

knickerbockers, his mouth open and So intent was I on the fate, of my ally squared with anguish, his face stained with that I did not notice that John Gien-So intent was I on the fate of my alls some red unguent, a jam-pot in one hand donwyn himself was standing, with a and the debris of some pastry in the other. strange expression of wonder on his face, Item (still in order), a gray-headed oldish in the doorway of his cot. He was, I saw man, active on his legs, bare-headed and at once, much paler than he had been-inwithout coat, with his shirt sleeves rolled deed, thinner altogether—but with a dehand and his intentions were evidently to such as I had never seen on his face before. overtake the small boy-probably for pur- And the next moment r was holding his hand, while he was asking concerning my But still no John, I began to think he father, my sister and the others-doubtless could not be at home. At sight of me, wondering what in the world had brought however, standing at bay, as it were, with me to the herd's house in the Bennan-

By this time Duncan Grierson had com pleted little Johnny's toilet and set that enterprising infant on his feet. Johnny was this message of peace?" crying, if one may use that expression of such a darling child, most victously. And the old butler had much difficulty in conducting himself reputably before his young of his explanations he would suddenly find | swerable, himself spun round by the frantic lunges of Johnny, who, having set down poor old Deucan as the cause of his misfortunes, was now trying furiously to reach his blackstockinged shins with his little iron-shod shoes.

Whereupon I pounced upon Johnny bade him be a good boy or I would dispatch him back to his mother that same night.

"Shan't go," exclaimed the hopeful son of the house of Colstoun. "I doesn't mind mother much, but I hate school. Yes, I does! New teatzer is so ugly!"

"Oh, Johnny," I said repreachfully, "but if she is good, what does it matter whether she is pretty or not?" "Does though!" said Johnny, struggling

to be free, "he finks so-(here he pointed to John Glendonwyn) doesn't tum to our school now, not since new testzer tummed. Mother-she thaid so only last night!" "Would you like some lumps of sugar, Johany," said John, hastily, from the door-Way. "I am afraid there are no brandy balls up here. You should have sent me

word you were coming." said Johnny "Let's-thee-thugar!" (which being interpreted, meant that Johnny desired to be introduced to the aforesaid lumps of sugar). "Come away in!" said John. "I have but

one room, but the good people make me both comfortable and happy-that is, as far as I can be-without-'

He stopped and looked very curtously at me. It was certainly a beautifully nest little room, with no appearance of a bed I has Maleter John for a witness to the in it that I could see except that there was a screen in the corner which had evidently served (and probably did so yet After he had brought us into his room

obey my father. I thought of Veronica, but am an auld woman iether, certes, no!) tha the water is boiling afore ye poor it in. In- and cakes arranged cunningly among water-"I doan 'ants to be kissed!" he said,

> "Cream or leemon, madam?" he asked in a low, confidential voice, adding in a yet lower tone, "I wad advise the leemon, young gentleman will break his neck if he miss, as the milk was boiled afore ye cam'

> After he had served his master he went steadily to the door, and then, turning, re-Little Johnny had indeed fallen through marked at large, as if imparting a piece of the thatched and rotted roof of one of the general information to whomsoever it might concern, "There's some nice cream tarts in the kitchen, with raspberry jam-five Like an arrow from the bow Little

Johnny sprang from his perch with the loaf of sugar in his hand, from which he

"Na, na," added Duncan, disembarrassing him of the remains of the cone, "gin Babby were to see ye, there wad be nae leevin

John and I were left alone for the first ime since he had helped me to roll up the head-hard!" the maps in the old infant department of Kilgour academy, the day he went to college for the last time. Had he forgotten? And as for me-I shall never forget.

But it was necessary that I should tell him that we were all to go away from up to his elbow. He had a stick in his termined, masterful and manly expression the neighborhood, and take up a new life elsewhere. I could see his face pale and change at the news.

"Why should you go away from me Pairlie?" he was saying. "I have just found you again. Your father's anger against me cannot be very bitter. I can- 'Course I wont!" not think that he would visit upon my head the sins of my father and brother. Else would he have sent you to me with

There was something in what he urged. indeed I had been thinking of it with a certain gladness all the past night and master, owing to the fact that in the midst babe Rupert? That, at least, was unan-

So I only shook my head sadly enough. have waited a long time without knowing-you must be good and wait a little | into it. while patiently now that you know-that which you do know."

"I think it will be harder than ever now!" he groaned. I suggested the penny post, as a new

invention likely to aid persons in our condition and circumstances, and pulled out my purse with some of the famous black across to the little woodland glade which stamps stuck in the flap. I suggested that there was the build-

the which rash words I know that he would be sorry in the morning.

When I went away Johnny appeared from the kitchen laden with delicacies, ready but not willing to accompany me. Indeed, he only consented to leave the sugar cone on the distinct understanding that it was to be sent after him on the early morrow. And as I went through the door I heard

Duncan Grierson say in his two diverse voices, "At what hour will your honor lease to dine? At 8? Thank you, gir. Ye donnert auld deevil, gin ye dinna gang into your hoose and keep your tongue within your teeth about what's name o' will do it for you. It will be well to get your business, I swear by the pooers abune that I'll never mairry ye on this side o' Jordan's swelling flood! Hear ye that, ye cantankerous besom?"

And I think that John beard, too, for hurried me down the little loaning and out upon the vast encompassing heather. "Duncan is a faithful servant," he said, in his simple, earnest way. "We must see tion from which we had come. But as he to it that his latter end is peace." I did not answer, but in my heart I then, suddenly checking his beast, he turned

with great emphasis on the first pronoun personal, which it is to be hoped came home to John Glendonwyn. But instead he only laughed.

"You don't know what is good for you, Johnny," he said, "you'll change your mind some day!" "Knows what I 'ants, though!" sail Lil'

Dzonny, calmly, "I yikes thugar, peattles, coffee, minthe pies and stawbewwy dsamkisses not much!"

He added with the last phrase in a tone and with a curl of the lip which were actual triumphs of contempt. "Course you wants to kiss-you're a girl,"

he said, that 'im-he's dot a mumstash and whiskers-what does him want to do it "Well it sometimes happens so,"

John, "some day you'll find out." "Oh, I shan't!" said Johnny, very posttively, "me and Jimmy Ogilvy has sweared, as sure as death, that if a girl kisses us we hope to die if we doesn't bat her over

"Oh, Johnny," I cried, "won't you let even me kiss you?"

"Yes," said the youth, with the tolerant indifference of one making immense concession, "I said-'cept you an' mother!" "Well," said John, who would have given away the half of his kingdom that night, "here's half a crown-only you must promise not to say anything about-about-!" And here he stopped. It was difficult to put into words.

"About minithster kissin' Teatzer! "But say-'As sure as death and double death!' Isn't that the regular thing?" pursued John, who had had certain experiences as to the wisdom of bribing Johnny without putting him on his oath. Even with, the result was more than doubtful.

"Let's thee ze half a crown first!" deall that day. But what of Kate and her manded Johnny, the future Successful Merchant. The coin was handed over, duly inspected, smelt and finally the young man of business "We must wait, John." I said, "you satisfied himself of its entire genuineness by setting a particularly fine set of teeth

"All right!" said Johnny, cheerfully; "shan't tell! But I wouldn't again, you Somebody Growed-Up might see know.

you next time!" The advice was good, and indeed there was scant opportunity. We stepped into the road and walked

led to the Flower Cot. "Fairlie," said John Glendonwyn, with ing of his new church to attend to. But sudden break into solemnity, "your father will not mention the fraction of his will not let me thank him in person. Do thought which (he declared) that ere-while it for me. Tell him what he has done for all-important subjects now occupied. For me and for our poor folks. You can put it better than I. And tell him also that other, which has brought yet greater happiness into my life tonight."

> thinking of Johnny, I added: "What will you give me not to?" "Yes, all," said John, with a firmness and magnanimity for which I could not but admire him, even though I knew he did not

"What, all of it?" I said. And then,

mean it. But the next moment I caught the glean of humor in his eye. "You had better," he said, "for if you don't that perjured mercenary little beast

in ahead of him." But as we paused to say good night be alde the gate of Boatcroft, the lilac once more in blossom, white and purple as of yore, scent-laden in the gloaming dews, we heard the far off galloping of a horse. A man passed us going rapidly in the direct went he looked back over his shoulder-

knowing what to say, waiting, I think, till judged that it would be, seeing how well and approached the place where we stood flowers into a glass by his bedside.

in shadow. "Is that you, Mr. John!" he said.

"Yes, Greg-what is the matter?" "You are to come to Castle Gower," said the man, without touching his hat; father has had a shock and Surgeon Warner says he cannot live many hours!" That was Fate's touch on the shoulder for us two.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

We Ride After. Instantly John bade the man dismount and with a single pressure of the hand to me I say him throw his leg into the saddle Castle Gower. I stood a while dazed with the suddenness of the leave-taking. I knew that, if the news proved to be true, the

My father, so I found from Will, who met me at the door as I was entering, had departed that afternoon soon after I had set out with little Johnny Colstoun. His declared intention had been to go to Drumfern nor brother (though goodness knows the in order to arrange for taking us all thither on the way to the haven of rest he had been preparing to receive us.

And whom when I did enter should I see blackmail that-in justice to myself, I had sitting comfortably at the fireside but Veronica Caesar. I know that the blood sprang unbidden into my cheeks as she rose up with her usual swift impulsiveness and kissed me. She had been talking to Kate, who was still busied about her black dress. And I could see that Veronica had been helping her, for the skirt had assumed quite a different aspect. In fact it neared completion.

I do not know what I said, or Veronica, either-except that she seemed to be scolding ,me for being out so late, and I was all on pins and needles lest Master Johnny's I will hammer the life out of them if they uncertain tongue should reveal certain don't. That will be all right!"
secrets of the fir woods of Gower. But he did nothing except wipe off Veronica's kiss him to make his arrangements. But when in a disgusted manner with his handkerchif and begin to play obtrusively with his certainly in the kitchen. I asked no quesnew half crown.

"You small reptile," cried Veronica, "you are a decent boy clean spoilt! That's what's the matter with you. It would be telling you if I had you for a week over at the manse with my scamps. I would take a frill or two out of your tucker, young man!" "Well, 'oo shan't!" said Johnny, tranquilly. "I don't love 'co-'co's nasty!"

"Frank!" said Vera, laughing. "Sweet child! Speaks so prettily, too-no wonder you pet him, Fairlie. Well, I know somebody who wouldn't, that's all!" She regarded him with a look of manifest

disfavor. "Who gave you that new half crown, Johnny Colstoun?" Vera demanded, eyeing it as the owner fitted it alternately into either eye or held it somewhat perilously between his teeth.

"Tisn't 'oor bissness!" responded Johnny with simple directness. "Johnny mustn't speak that way to a lady," I said, sternly, "or Johnny will be

punished." He turned upon me quickly. "Does 'oo wan Lil' Dzonny to tell the

lady fings?" he asked, quick as the darting the garden. sting of a wasp. Duty and prudence, discipline and valor's better part never were in more direct con-

flict. So I said nothing. "You have had a nice walk?" asked Veronica, stitching a broad lace collar on Kate's completed dress. I cannot but think that she had some suspicion or at least some curiosity as to where I had been. Besides, I learned afterward that in my absence Kate had been talking to her about her husband and Babe Rupert. Yet so

anything. "Oh, yes," I answered, "Johnny and I were out on the moor. It was a fine night, tree at the corner. He had apparently and we came through the wood, stopping nce or twice to gather flowers!"

"Stopped free times!" said Johnny, ac-"Did you bring any flowers back?" said Kate, lifting her head for the first time, "I would like to take them up to Babe Rupert. He likes them. When he is awake he crows and chuckles over them just wonderfully. He is growing such a clever child. and so dear-but, ah-how could be be

otherwise?' "Ah, how indeed!" sighed Veronica, with the least trace of ironic intention. "I will go out and get the flowers,"

said: "I will take them up to baby myself. I should like to see him!" "I will tum and help 'oo gather them!

said Johnny. And hoping to cover the verb which he had used, and fearful of other revelations, I took him with me gladly. went into the garden and picked what of cornflowers and bluebells, bell heather and wild thyme could be found there. Then I went up to Master Rupert and put the

Veronica staid a long time after that, but though I was in the room most of the time, except when I was getting a little

supper ready, the name of John Glendonwyn did not pass her lips. And Vera is usually so frank. But all the time a curious sense of something impending weighed on me, so that I

got hold of Will, and, after binding him to secrecy, I told him of the sudden illness of Mr. Glendonwyn, and that I had promised to marry John. "Does father know?" said Will, looking

> at me very strangely. "I told him I did not know whether he did or not, adding, however, that John had told him long ago, when he went to Edinburgh, indeed, that he loved me and meant to ask me to marry him as soon as he could. Also that my father sent me this

> afternoon with a message to the herd's

"Oh!" said Will, thoughtful, then after a pause he added, "I think he wants to give in and can't bring his pride to let him!

house of Bennangower.

Which, as I now judge, was pretty near the truth.

Yet if it were a fact that he had gone away in order to give us a clear field (for the sake of my happiness-because I had been fretting and growing pale), I think my father would have stayed still where he was, had he foreseen what things were to happen that night. I told Will that he had better entice

Harry and Dick early into the house that night and keep them there reading or playing draughts. They could have something nice for supper, I said-anything, indeed, to bribe them to stay. "Oh." said Will calmly, "I'll entice them

-I'll bribe them! I will just tell them that And believing that he knew best, I left

they were needed, Harry and Dick were tions, and none of the three volunteered | any information.

It was, I think, about 8 o'clock and still quite light when Veronica announced that she must go back to the manse. Will and I prepared to convey her. Little Johnny was also to go home with us, unwilling in body, but consoled by the thought that if we hurrled we would get to Miss Emily Parton's before that lady's shop closed for the night.

"Will," I said, "when I go to the door you might ask Harry and Dick not to go out till I get back."

"Right!" he said, and went over to them as I showed Veronica out. "Take care of Babe Rupert till I get back!" I said to Kate, "don't let him stray!"

Kate laughed a quick little scornful laugh-much like her old self, as Veronica stooped and kissed the boy in his cot. I forgot to say that by this time we were all three upstairs in our room, where Veronica had gone to put on her hat and things. Then she picked up the little glass of blossoms which I had hastily picked in

"These are pretty wild flowers, are they not?" she said, looking across at me. You would not have thought that Veronica could have been so spiteful, would you? But I don't think she had properly forgiven me for letting her think it was Rupert I cared for that day when I had the headache and she was so kind to me. She did afterward, though, so it came all right.

Well, we had come downstairs, and I was standing at the blue palings looking out along the road toward Gower clever was she that from her manner you castle (for I somehow felt that something must happen that night), when the same servant who had spoken to John came forward quickly from under the lilac been standing there waiting.

He had a letter in his hand, and I thought that I saw Veronica draw herself up at the sight of the Castle Gower liveries.

Fairlie and Will!" she said, rather But the coldness of her tone made the tears come into my eyes. "Don't, Veronica!" I cried, "please don't! You don't know in what trouble we are. And you are the only friend we have! (I meant girl friend, of course).

And while she stood irresolute what to

"I think I shall walk on-Good night,

do I tore the note open and read these words: "Castle Gower, Tuesday Evening-Please ome at once with Greg-bring Kate and the baby. What we talked of must be done tonight if at all. We are expecting you here. Carriage will be at corner of road. Bring father or Will with you if they are at home, but for God's sake do not fall to

bring Kate and the child .- John." (To Be Continued.)



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